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The Oxford Democrat

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Professional Cards, &c.

D. W. DAVIS, M.D.

Physician & Surgeon.
Residence and office on Chapman Street, BETHEL, ME.

DR. L. C. MINNELL, Dentist,
(of Bridgeport.)
Can be found at the "OXFORD HOUSE," BETHEL, ME.

DR. C. A. L. ROBINSON,
DENTIST.
Will be at his office, over Williams' harness shop, South Paris, two weeks following the first Monday in each month, balance of the time at his office on Paris Hill.
All work warranted.

BLACK & HOLT,
Counsellors & Attorneys at Law,
NEWBURY, MAINE.

Office in rooms at No. 2 Mason's Block, BETHEL, ME.
Mr. Black will be at Paris, Monday and Tuesday of each week; the remaining days at his office in Newbury.

CHARLES R. ELLER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
21 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

Special rates to Attorneys having business or claims for collection in Boston and vicinity.
JAN 1, 79.

A. S. TWITCHELL, Esq.,
Commissioner for the State of Maine, Notary Public.

TWITCHELL & EVANS,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
GROTON, N. H.

Will attend to practice in the Courts of N. H. and Oxford County, Me.
JAN 1, 79.

ENOCH FOSTER, JR.,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Jan 1, 79. BETHEL, ME.

S. R. HUTCHINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Jan 1, 79. RICHMOND, ME.

SETH W. FIFE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
FREDERICK, ME.

Commissioner for New Hampshire, Jan 1, 79 by

G. A. BISHOP,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
(Notary Public for Oxford County.)
JAN 1, 79. ROCKFORD, (Oxford Co.) ME.

F. W. REDLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
KEAR FALLS, ME.

Will practice in Oxford and York Cos. Jan 1, 79.

A. TWITCHELL, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BETHEL, ME.

Office over E. H. Jones' store.
Office hours: 10 to 12 a.m. and 2 to 4 p.m. a specialty.

I. ROUNDS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Office at residence, first house above Congress Street Church, Jan 1, 79.

MAINE HYGIENIC INSTITUTE,
Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.
WATERFORD, ME.

W. P. SHATTUCK, M.D., Superintendent Phys-
ician and Surgeon, all diseases of the female sex, Jan 1, 79.

WILLIAM DOUGLASS,
Deputy Sheriff for Oxford & Cumberland Cos.,
WATERFORD, ME.

All precepts by mail will receive prompt at-
tention, Jan 1, 79.

JAMES W. CHAPMAN,
DEPUTY SHERIFF & CORONER,
KEAR FALLS, ME.

Business by mail promptly attended to, Jan 1, 79.

D. G. F. JONES,
DENTIST,
NEWBURY VILLAGE, ME.

Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or
Vulcanized Rubber, Jan 1, 79.

O. DOUGLASS,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
PARIS HILL, MAINE.

All business by mail or otherwise will be at-
tended to promptly, Jan 1, 79.

R. E. PERRY, Fryeburg, Me.

TAXIDERMIST.

I am prepared to set up all kinds of Birds and
Animals in the most artistic manner. Game
birds, especially, are taken in payment of
work—for example, one of every six Blue-winged
sent me I will return one hand-somely stuffed
and mounted on a stand to the sender. Cash
paid from 25 to \$1.00 each for good specimens
of Hawks and Owls.
Prompt attention paid to all orders by mail or
express. Price lists furnished on application.
R. E. PERRY, Fryeburg, Me.

Poetry.

Christmas Day.

When Christmas morning comes, they say
The whole world knows it's Christmas Day;
The very cattle in the stalls
Know when the blessed midnight falls,
And all the night the heavens shine
With lustre of a light divine.
Long ere the dawn the children leap
With "Merry Christmas" in their sleep;
And dream about the Christmas tree,
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.
Swift come the hours of joy and cheer,
Of loving friends and kind and dear,
Of gifts and bounties in the air,
Sped by the "Merry Christmas" prayer.
While through it all, so sweet and strong,
Is heard the holy angel's song,
"Gloria be to you alone!
On earth be peace and helpful love!"
And on the street, or house within,
The Christmas carol begins:

Hark, Christian children,
Hark and let us sing,
With glad voices the praises
Of our new-born King.

"Come, now, dear friends, let us
Sing a hymn of praise,
For the King of glory,
Born for us today."

"Hark, now, dear friends, let us
Sing a hymn of praise,
For the King of glory,
Born for us today."

—St. Nicholas.

The Christ-Cradle.

'Twas the time of the old Crusaders;
And back with his broken band
The Lord of Lamara's Castle
Held some from the Holy Land.

He was tired of wars and sieges,
And sick of blood and strife;
So far from his wife and children,
So long from his English home.

And yet with a noble courage
He loved for the Faith to fight;
For he carried upon his shoulder
The sign of the Red-Cross Knight.

It was Christmas Eve in the castle;
The yule log burnt in the hall;
And the lord and his noble banner
Three shadows upon the wall.

And the lord was telling stories
To the little ones at his knee;
Of some of the holy places
He had visited once and twice.

Then he spoke of the watching shepherds
Who saw such marvellous sights,
And the song that the angels chanted
That first of the Christmas nights.

He told of the star which shined
Outpainted the brightest gem;
He told of the halcyon cradle
They showed him at Bethlehem.

And the eyes of the children glistened,
To think that a rack and ruin
Was only the cradle of Jesus,
To cradle the baby Christ.

Nay, dry up your tears, my darlings!"
Right glad the lord cried;
For he saw the angels' light
In the eyes of his children's pride.

"Count, wife! I have thought of a cradle
Another than this I say;
Which thou in the still shall make me,
To honor the Christ-child today."

We would not forget the manner;
So chose of the richest pastry,
The one that was largest, dearest,
And cover it in its care.

"With daisies of the richest pastry,
Wrought cunningly by the hands,
That thou in the still shall make me,
To honor the Christ-child today."

"And out of the well-stored larder
Set forth thy very best;
Is such that we have no pretence
To honor the Christ-child best?"

"Snow-meat of the forest shredding,
(The straw was chopped in the stall)
Bring butter and wine and honey
To lavish around them all."

"Let sweets that suggest frankincense,
Let fruit from the Southern seas,
Be given to the angels' light,
For choices he gave for these!"

"Then over the piled-up plates
A cover of pastry draw;
We have it in the hall, to mind us
Of that which the Wise Men saw."

"Christ's Cradle is what we'll call it;
And ever, sweet wife, I pray,
With such thou wilt make us merry
At dinner each Christmas day."

—Wide Awake.

Selected Story.

SAVED BY A SONG.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas Eve. A cold, old-fashioned Christmas, with snow lying on the ground and still falling heavily, with a touch of fog in the air. It was past ten o'clock, and the streets and lanes of the great city were all but deserted. Merchant and broker, clerk and warehouseman, and the rest of the busy crowd had long since drifted away to their homes, and the lofty warehouses loomed black and forbidding over the silent thoroughfares. Here and there the gleam of a solitary window struggled ineffectually with the outer darkness and served but to bring into stronger relief the general gloom and solitude.

And nowhere was the darkness deeper or the sense of desolation more profound than in St. Winifred's court. St. Winifred is one of those queer little alleys which intersect the heart of Eastern London, and consists, with one exception, of houses let out as offices, and utterly deserted at night. The court is bounded on one side by St. Winifred's church, while in one corner stands a quaint old house, occupying a nearly triangular piece of ground and forming the exception referred to, having been for many years the residence of St. Winifred's organist, Michael Fray.

The only sign of life, on this Christmas Eve, in St. Winifred's court, was a gleam of flickering firelight proceeding from one of the windows of the quaint old house, and in which Michael Fray passed his solitary existence. Many years before the period of our story, the same mouth had taken from him wife and child, and since that time Michael Fray had lived desolate, his only solace being the rare old organ, the friend and companion of his lonely hours. The loss of his wife and daughter had left him with-out child or kin. His father and mother had died in his early youth, an only brother, a gifted but wayward youth, had in early life run away to sea, and had

there found a watery grave. Being thus left alone in the world, Michael Fray's love for music, which had always been a most marked feature of his character, had become intensified into an absolute passion. Evening after evening, when darkness had settled on the city, and none could complain that his music interfered with business or distracted the attention from the noble clerk of gold, he was accustomed to creep quietly into the church and there "talk" to himself, as he called it, at the old organ, which powered him back again with a tender sympathy and power of consolation which no more human teacher could ever have afforded. The organ of St. Winifred's was one of comparatively small size and made but scanty show of pipes or pedals; but the blackened case and yellow, much-worn keys had been fashioned by the cunning brain and skillful fingers of "Father Smith" himself, and never had the renowned old organ-builder turned out a more skillful piece of workmanship. And Michael Fray, by use of years and tender study, had got by heart every pipe and stop in the rare old instrument, and had acquired an almost magical power in bringing out its tender tones and noblest harmonies. Hear him this Christmas Eve, as he sits before the ancient keyboard, one feeble candle dimly glimmering over the well-worn page before him; flickering weirdly over the ancient carving, and calling into momentary life the effigies of myriad absent and mailed crusader. A feeble old man, whose sands of life have all but run out; a sadly weak and tremulous old man, with shaking hands and dim, uncertain eyes. But when they are placed upon those yellow keys, the shaking hands shake no longer; the feeble sight finds no labor in those well-remembered pages. Under the touch of Michael Fray's deft fingers the ancient organ becomes instinct with life and harmony. The grand old masters lend their noble strains, and could they revisit the earth, need ask no better interpreter. From saddest wail of sorrow to sweetest strain of consolation—from the dirge of the loved and lost, to the peace of the jubilate—each shade of human passion, each tender message of divine encouragement, takes form and color in succession, under the magic of that old man's touch. Thus, sometimes borrowing the songs of other singers, sometimes wandering into quaint Arabian harmonies, the spontaneous overflow of his own genius, Michael Fray sat and made music, charming his sorrow to temporary sleep.

Time crept on, but the player heeded it not, till the heavy bell in the tower above his head boded forth the hour of midnight and recalled him to reality again. With two or three wailing minor chords he brought his weird improvisation to an end.

"Dear me," he said, with a heavy sigh, "Christmas again! Christmas again! How many times, I wonder! Well, this will be last; and yet Christmas comes again and finds me here still, all alone. Dear, dear! First, poor Dick; and then my darling Alice and little Nell—all gone! Young and bright and merry—all taken! And here am I—old and friendless—and yet I live on, live on. Well, I suppose God knows best! While thus thinking aloud, the old man was apparently searching for something among his music books, and now produced an ancient page of manuscript worn almost to fragments, but pasted for preservation on a piece of paper of a later date. "Yes, here it is, poor Dick's Christmas song. What a sweet voice he had, dear boy! If he had only lived—but there! I'm murmuring again. God's will be done!"

He placed the music on the desk before him, and after a moment's pause, began, in tender, flute-like tones, to play the melody, at the same time crooning the words in a feeble voice. He played one verse of the song, then stopped and drew his sleeve across his eyes. The sense of his desolation appeared to come anew upon him; he seemed to shrink down-doubly old, doubly feeble, doubly forsaken—when lo! a marvel! Suddenly from the lonely street, in that chill midnight, came the sound of a violin, and a sweet voice singing the self-same words of the self-same tender strain—the song written by his dead and gone brother twenty years before.

The effect on Michael Fray was electrical. For a moment he staggered, but caught at the keyboard before him and held it with a convulsive grasp.

"Am I dreaming? or are my senses leaving me? Poor Dick's Christmas carol, and I could almost swear the voice is my own Nellie's. Can this be death at last? And are the angels welcoming me home with the song I love so dearly? No, surely; either I am going mad, or that is a real living voice. But whose—whose? Heaven help me to find out!"

With the whole frame quivering with excitement—without pausing even to close the organ, or to extinguish his flickering candle—the old man groped his way down the narrow stairs which led to the street, and hurriedly closing the door behind him, stepped forth into the snowy night.

For some hours before Michael Fray was startled, as we have related, by the mysterious echo of his brother's song, an old man and a young girl had been making their way through the South-eastern side of London.

Both walked wearily, as though they had tramped for a long distance; and once or twice the young girl wiped away

a tear, though she strove hard to hide it from her companion and forced herself to speak with a cheerfulness in strange contrast with her sunken cheeks and foot-sore gait. Every now and then, in passing through the more frequented streets, they would strike up some old ballad tune with a vigor and power of execution which even his frost-tipped fingers and weary limbs could not wholly destroy; while the girl, with a sweet though very sad voice, accompanied him with appropriate words. But their attempts were miserably unproductive. In such bitter weather few who could help it would stay away from their warm firesides; and those whose stern necessity kept out of doors seemed only bent on dispatching their several tasks, and to have no thought or time to expend on a couple of wandering tramps singing by the roadside. Still they toiled on, every now and then making a fresh "pitch" at some likely corner, only too often ordered to "move on" by a stern policeman. As they drew nearer to the city and the hour grew later, the passers by became fewer and fewer, and the poor wanderers felt that it was idle even to seek for charity in those deserted, silent streets. At last the old man stopped and groaned aloud.

"What is it, grandfather dear? Don't give in now, when we have come so far. Lean on me—do; I'm hardly tired at all; and I dare say we shall do better to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said the old man bitterly; "to-morrow it will be too late. I don't mind hunger, and I don't mind cold; but the shame of it, the disgrace—after having struggled against it all these years—to come at last to the workhouse! It isn't for myself I mind—beggars must not be choosers; and I, I dare say, better men than I have slept in a casual ward; but you, my tender little Lily, the thought breaks my heart! It kills me!"

And the old man sobbed aloud.

"Dear grandfather, you are always thinking of me, and never of yourself. What does it matter, after all? It's only the name of the thing. I'm sure I don't mind it one bit. The shudder of horror which passed over the girl's frame gave the lie to her pious falsehood. "I dare say it is not so very bad; and, after all, something may happen to prevent it even now!"

"What can happen, short of a miracle, in these deserted streets?"

"Well, let us hope for the miracle, then, dear. God has never quite deserted us in our deepest troubles, and I don't believe He will forsake us now."

As she spoke she drew her thin shawl more closely around her, shivering in spite of herself under the cold blast, which seemed to receive no check from her scanty coverings. Again the pair crept on, and, passing beneath the lofty wall of St. Winifred's church, stood beneath it for a temporary shelter from the driving wind and snow. While so standing they caught the faint sounds of the organ solemnly pealing within.

"Noble music," said the old man, as the final chords died away; "noble music and a soul in the playing. That man, whoever he may be, should have a generous heart."

"Hush, grandfather," said the girl, "he is beginning to play again."

Scarcely had the music commenced, however, than the pair glanced at each other in breathless surprise.

"Lily, darling, do you hear what he is playing?" said the old man in an excited whisper.

"A strange coincidence," the girl replied.

"Strange! It is more than strange! Lily, darling, who could play that song?"

The Enterprise and Boxer.

Remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered on the tide!
And the dead captain, as they lay,
In their graves overlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.

It is known to many of our citizens that Capt. William Barnes, of Woolwich, now more than eighty-three years of age, was one of the crew of the Enterprise, during that memorable engagement, and that another of our old citizens, Mr. Nelson, who but a few years since passed away, was one of the sailors belonging to the English brig Boxer. Mr. Nelson was wounded by having his wrist broken in the action.

"Well, grandfather, dear," said Lily, after a pause, "won't you believe in miracles now?"

"My darling," said the old man, with his voice broken with emotion, "God forgive me for having ever doubted Him!"

The Enterprise and Boxer.

Very nearly at the same time, on board the Enterprise, the commander, on finding that the crew of one of his carronades was sadly reduced in numbers and unable to manage the piece, stepped up and seized hold of the gun to help to elevate it, and was mortally wounded, a musket ball striking him in the groin and glancing up ward into the body. He refused to be carried below, but lay down on deck, leaning against a shot rack, and continued to encourage his men to action, which lasted forty-five minutes. The Enterprise had but one killed and thirteen wounded. The gallant Burrows lived till twelve o'clock the next day. Misspissipian Walters and one other man died in Portland of their wounds.

The number killed on board the Boxer was never ascertained, as they were thrown overboard as fast as they fell; there were fourteen wounded. She went into action with her colors hoisted to the mast, a useless and foolish bravado that doubtless caused the loss of many lives. Her ensign is among the trophies of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, while the tattered folds of the Enterprise are arrayed with those of the Bonhomme Richard at Fort Mifflin.

When the first Lieutenant of the Boxer came on board to deliver up the sword of Capt. Blythe, Lieut. Burrows laid his hand upon it and said, "Keep it, sir, you are richly worthy of it."

The armaments and crews of the two ships were about equal, the vessels were in fact as equally matched as could well be, and were both fought with desperation. This was the first success that had gladdened the American navy since the loss of the Chesapeake. It revived the confidence which that disaster had shaken.

This battle was witnessed from the islands of Monhegan and Seignin, and by hundreds of people on the main land. After the first discharge the two vessels were enveloped in a cloud of smoke, which entirely hid them from the view of the spectators on shore.

Young Barnes was stationed at one of the after guns, No. 8, with but one gun between him and his commander.

The two vessels were taken into Portland on the 7th, where the bodies of both Burrows and Blythe were brought on shore, draped with the flags each had so bravely defended. The same honors were paid the remains of each, and they were interred side by side in the cemetery at Portland. Blythe had been one of poor Lawrence's pall-bearers.

Capt. Barnes, from whom most of this account has been gathered, is now more than eighty-one years of age, and quite infirm. He was born in Berwick, York County, Maine, Feb. 15, 1797, and has followed the sea almost continually in different capacities for forty-seven years. His last voyage was as master of the ship Wabash, of Bath, when she was lost in 1860. He had commanded different vessels since 1823. He is a staunch Democrat of the old school, has been a member of our Legislature, and held offices of trust and honor in the place of his residence. He married Miss Sarah Farnham of Woolwich, in June 1825, and was fortunate in his union with one who was a devoted and loving wife, an active participant in all the amenities and charities of social, religious and domestic life. She died in 1857. They had ten children, three of whom are still living. The late Capt. William Henry Barnes, a distinguished ship-master of Bath, was one of his sons.—Bath Times.

longer, she came defiantly to her doom. Both vessels headed off the land to more sea-room, the American changing one of her forward guns as, running it out of the cabin window to be ready for an attack in the rear.

It was nearly calm until about noon, when a light breeze gave the vessels more headway, and by three o'clock they had gained a sufficient offing and stripped to fighting canvas. They had shortened their distance, running along nearly abreast, until they had approached within a pistol-shot of each other.

At twenty minutes past three the Boxer fired a gun and gave a loud cheer, which was immediately answered by the Enterprise firing a musket, and giving three hearty cheers in response. While the Americans were cheering, the English poured in their first broadside, which the Enterprise quickly returned, and the desperate battle now began in earnest, the belching cannon pouring out destruction and death amidst the defiant cheers which rose at times from the valiant crews above the roar of battle.

The Boxer, after having her mainmast shot away, made two attempts to board the Enterprise, both of which the American skillfully eluded. At the first attempt the Boxer's flying jib came in over the stern of the Enterprise, the vessels just grazing past without being able to grapple. The American with all the spars intact was enabled to play back and forth in front of the Boxer with deadly effect. Both commanders were shot early in the engagement; the crew of the Boxer stationed forward, finding it too hot for them, abandoned their guns and rushed aft. Capt. Blythe swore that the forward guns should be served, rallied the retreating division, and led them forward to the abandoned guns. Here, as he was met by a perfect torrent of iron balls, he exclaimed, "Great God, what shots!" and was instantly struck by an eighteen pound ball which nearly cut him in twain, killing him instantly.

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Things Worth Knowing.

1. That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping them in hot water about a minute.

2. That fish may as well be scaled, if desired, before packing down in salt; though in this case, do not scald them.

3. Salt fish are quicker and better freshened by soaking in sour milk.

4. That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again, by stirring in a little soda.

5. That salt will curdle new milk; hence in preparing milk-porridge, gruel, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

6. That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool over night.

7. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

8. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands.

9. That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid the whitening process.

10. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little salt, or a little gum-arabic dissolved, or both.

11. That beeswax and salt will make your rusty fasteners as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose. When the iron is hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

12. That blue ointment and kerosene, mixed in equal proportions and applied to bedsteads, is an unsalting bed-gum remedy; and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.

13. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

14. That kerosene will make tin tea-kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

15. That cool rain-water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

A Railway Temperance Lecture.

"Twenty years ago," said the passenger with the red ribbon in his button hole, "I knew that man whom you saw get off at the last station. He was a young man of rare promise, a college graduate, a man of brilliant intellect and shrewd mercantile ability. Life dawned before him in all the glowing colors of fair promise. He had some money when he left college. He invested it in business and his business prospered. He married a beautiful girl who bore him three lovely children."

The old looking passenger, sitting on the wood box, "All at one time?"

The red ribbon passenger: "No, in bi-annual installments of one. No one dreamed that the poor-house would ever be their home. But in an evil hour the young man yielded to the tempter. He began to drink beer. He liked it and drank more. He drank and encouraged others to drink. That was only fourteen years ago, and he was a prosperous wealthy man. To-day where is he?"

The clergyman in the front seat, solemnly. "A sot and a beggar."

ALBANY.—The rain on the 10th inst. was the most disastrous in its results in this vicinity for any storm since Oct. 3d, 1869. Our roads are badly washed, one large bridge over Crooked river was carried away and several bridges over small streams were washed out, part of heavy stone dam recently built by Tyler & Clark was carried out.

ANDOVER.—A correspondent (F. A. B.) writes: Six inches of snow fell at Andover Monday night, Dec. 9th, and changed to a violent storm of wind and rain which continued through the following day and night. The streams rose very rapidly, submerging all the low lands, carrying away bridges, fences, lumber houses and trees. The damage to roads and intervals is very heavy.

Lumbering operations are nearly at a standstill for want of snow. A petition is being numerous signed, praying the next Legislature to change the fish laws and make the close time for taking trout from the Androscoggin lakes from the 15th day of October to the 1st day of May.

There is a large quantity of potatoes in town awaiting shipment to the G. T. railroad.

Rev. I. G. Sprague will publish the first number of his new paper, "The Maine Evangelist," the first of January. He has, I am informed, over 1000 subscribers already.—*Levee Journal*.

Dec. 19.—The freshet was very severe here, and did much damage to roads, bridges, intervals and mills. The water rose to the same height of the great freshet in 1869. The booms were carried out at both mills, but fortunately, they contained but few logs. The water came into the dry house owned by E. E. Bodell & Co. and wet about a ton of starch which was put up in bags. Mr. Elbridge Poor's intervals was badly washed, and many others were badly damaged. About 25,000 feet of logs belonging to the Lewiston Company were strewn broadcast over the country.

There is not snow enough yet to make skidding, and the prospect for lumbering looks rather gloomy. The roads are rough, and traveling is exceedingly disagreeable, and even dangerous.

Farmers are killing off their hogs and poultry. Some very large porkers have ended their days. Mr. E. E. Merrill killed one which weighed 560 lbs., and others have been killed which weighed from 400 to 550.

The Congregational Church was held last evening with Mrs. Col. Nathan Dresser. The house was well filled with a lively company, who enjoyed themselves supremely. The supper was delicious, and spoke volumes of praise for Mrs. Dresser's domestic acquirements.

The Colonel was presented with a very handsome silver cup on his 70th birthday, by his grandson, John S. Colby, Esq., of Lowell, Mass. Mr. D. has long been an honored and respected citizen of this town. He is still active and jolly as a man of 50.

Mr. John A. French will give a grand opening ball on the 31st. Weeks' Band of Norway will furnish music. It is expected that this will be the grandest ball ever given in Andover. Mr. French will do everything in his power to render the occasion one of rare enjoyment. It is hoped that as many as possible will avail themselves of this opportunity to take supper at this new and elegant hotel.

Mrs. Joshua Small is very ill, and it is feared that she is past help. She is unable to lie down, but is obliged to sit in an easy chair night and day.

I am informed that Mr. Chas. A. Merrill, formerly of this town, but for several years past, Principal of the Machias High School, was married a few days since, and has gone South on his wedding tour. We present him our congratulations, and wish him and his bride many years of happiness.

LONG STAR

BETHLE.—We spent a day in Bethel last week, during the Poultry exhibition, and found the village alive with trade preceding the holidays. The village of Bethel Hill has a large wholesale and retail trade, much of which grows out of logging operations in the vicinity. Bethel Steam Mill Company carries on extensive operations, and through its influence, a very considerable amount of money is deposited in the village. Mr. Skilling, its agent, takes a lively interest in the town, and is endeavoring to induce the people to take a greater pride in their surroundings. On Tuesday evening there was an entertainment at the Bethel House, the proceeds of which go toward fencing the common. Half their work is already done, and when complete, a very pretty park will be found in the center of the village. If the people should organize a village improvement society, they could work more systematically, and their labors would show more advancement than can be obtained by spasmodic or individual effort.

Among the heavy traders will be found Woodbury & Farrington—Hon. E. W. Woodbury senior partner. Their large store near the depot has been somewhat altered since our last visit. The cellar has been arranged to receive grain, salt &c. through spouts, from the north side, into bins prepared for their reception. On the South side these goods are delivered to customers, and can be conveniently loaded upon teams. Through this means a car of corn can be unloaded in two hours. 1,000 bushels of corn and meal have been sold by them to loggers during the past two weeks. A large quantity of lime is also stored in this cellar. A good sized building is filled with barrels of flour, some 500 barrels, of fine brands, ranging in price from \$5.50 to \$8, are now in store. This firm makes it a point to keep in stock the very best grades of goods, and to sell at the lowest prices consistent with quality.

Hon. E. Foster, Jr., has a model dwelling house, as it now stands. He has recently added large bay windows, or conservatories to the north and south sides, for the reception of plants and birds, for which he and Mrs. F. have a decided taste. The lower rooms are being frescoed in an artistic manner by a local artist, whose name we neglected to record, but whose work we can heartily commend. Lambrequins and other

hangings, harmonizing with the fresco work, make as elegant a whole as one often sees outside of cities.

Speaking of houses, we should not neglect to mention Hon. S. D. Philbrook's new buildings in course of erection. They make a fine addition to the place, and will be a fine and expensive set before completed. A good sized cellar is dug beneath both house and barn, while that under the house, is thoroughly drained, painted and cemented. The front and south sides of the grounds are graded and fenced with splendid lengths of cut granite.

In the studio of Mr. Burnham, we noticed a splendid, half-life, solar tint of the late Sommer Burnham of Norway. This work is reproduced from cards or negatives of any size, and is excelled by none done in the city. Mr. B. will soon open a saloon in South Paris.

G. R. Wiley, the druggist, has a fine set of buildings. He has had a large sized photograph of them framed, and they make a splendid picture. Mr. Wiley has a large stock of holiday goods in his store.

O. H. Mason, Esq., the dealer in hard ware, is again laid up with rheumatism, this winter. He has a hard time of it, suffering much pain.

There are two large hotels in the village. They do most of their business in the summer time, and are very popular resorts.

We should reserve special mention of other stores and institutions for report, which we hope to make after another visit.

Chas. Mason, near the depot is one of the best established traders in town and does a large business in general trade. His store is well kept, and has a full variety of goods in stock.

BUCKFIELD.—The Rumford Falls & Buckfield Railroad hasn't run a regular train since Tuesday, the 10th inst., but expect to make connections to-day.—There was in many places badly washed rails, ties and earth cleaned out for rods in length and some of them from 15 to 25 feet deep. The Co. have employed a large number of men repairing the damage since day after the storm.

BROWNFIELD, Dec. 16.—The storm of last Tuesday caused considerable damage in this town, carrying away three bridges and two milldams on Shepherd river, and a dam and bridge on another stream in town. A stone dam near the village, 20 feet high, was undermined near the bottom, when the dam above broke and the flood came down with great fury—taking a bridge, abutment and all, in its course. When it reached the stone dam, it took all before it, and in less than ten minutes the water fell over 20 feet, not leaving one stone in the dam, covering the fields and meadows with all manner of debris.

ANON.

BYRON, Dec. 18.—We had the greatest rise of water on the night of the 10th that we have had since the "great freshet of '69"—indeed, some persons think as much water ran in Swift river as at that time, the only difference being that the channel of the river received so thorough a "cleaning out," and was cut so much wider then, that the water does not rise so high. Cows bridge, which was built over a cut in the ledge and was at least thirty feet above low water mark, was swept out, two of the long stringers landing in Maj. Wm. Thomas's barn some two miles below the bridge; some of the plank were picked up eight miles down the river, as the road runs. The bridge on the "Lake Road" (near John Houghton's) was swept off, together with some five rods of the roadway; the planks had not been laid on this bridge, so I presume the loss falls on the builders. Two other bridges were considerably damaged; the only ones on the river that escaped are those on the east branch near Mr. Maxim's, the water cutting around them. Maj. Thomas's, Rouben Richmond's and Samuel Knapp's farms are badly washed. The roads are badly washed, but it is not easy to estimate the damage as yet. Communication, except on foot, has been almost entirely cut off since the rain.

DIXFIELD.—Persons are cautioned against taking any stock in a rumor, put in circulation after the recent visit of Chas. Freeman, General Agent for Chas. Forster, to the effect that the tooth-pick factory would not run this winter, and that the Gibbs River bridge would not be repaired, &c. I have contracted to build a temporary bridge over said river, and intend to have it completed at an early date. Mr. Forster has engaged my partner, Albert S. Austin, to put his name in temporary repair, and Mr. Freeman will be here at an early date to resume work. I intend to offer my services to those wishing to sell poplar the coming season, and will guarantee that even and exact justice which gave such universal satisfaction in 1876.

E. G. HARLOW.

FRYEBURG.—The shoot between 8 of the Pequawket Rifle Club of Fryeburg and Lovell and a picked 5 from Portland came off at the range back of the Oxford House, on the 20th, the stakes being dinners and the State championship. Distance 100 and 200 yards, aggregate score winning. The 100 yards distance was a tie being 344 out of a possible 500. The 200 yards distance was won by the P's by a score of 299 to 297—for the Portlanders giving the State championship to the Pequawkets.

100 yard range, Pequawkets: P. A. Bradley, 47; E. C. Farrington, 46; Elmore Emerson, 43; E. McAllister, 43; A. R. Jenness, 41; E. Bassett, 40; Frank Hobbs, 42; H. K. Hobbs, 42. Total, 344.

Portland Club: H. Hersey, 42; G. L. Bailey, 41; H. T. Cook, 41; A. C. Waite, 45; H. A. Jackson, 42; F. W. Scott, 45; W. A. Stillings, 40; N. A. Burnell, 45. Total, 344.

200 yard range, Pequawkets: P. A. Bradley, 59; E. C. Farrington, 43; Elmore Emerson, 36; E. McAllister, 39; A. R. Jenness, 30; Ed. Bassett, 42; Frank

Hobbs, 36; H. K. Hobbs, 34. Total, 299.

Portland: H. Hersey, 39; G. L. Bailey, 36; H. T. Cook, 39; A. C. Waite, 38; H. A. Jackson, 26; F. W. Scott, 39; W. A. Stillings, 41; N. A. Burnell, 39. Total, 297.

Christmas trees are to be had by the churches here, also at the Centre, besides several family trees.

Lumbermen are anxious for snow.

NORTH NEWRY, Dec. 17.—The storm of last week caused the highest rise of water for a number of years, washing our roads badly, leaving them almost impassable.

The prospect is that lumbering will be quite brisk this winter. Messrs. Eli F. Stearns and L. W. Kilgore are putting in teams for Lisbon parties. Geo. and E. I. Brown, J. E. Brooks and C. M. Walker for Lewiston parties.

The school in District No. 5 has closed. The school in District No. 6 is now in session, taught by Preston W. Charles of Lovell. Mr. C. is a worthy and efficient teacher. He taught the fall term of High school with marked success. We hope to have more such teachers.

PARIS.—The Unky Club held its first annual meeting, Wednesday evening, Dec. 18. Officers chosen for the ensuing year were Geo. F. Hammond, President; Geo. H. Watkins, Vice-President; Mary I. Mollen, Secretary and Treasurer; Wm. B. Edwards, Geo. H. Watkins, Miss Eunice Eaton, Committee on Expenditures. During its first year this society has received \$128.97, and has paid out \$108.82, leaving \$20.15 in the treasury. When it is remembered that this money has all gone for village improvements, excepting necessary expenses, it will readily be seen that the society deserves public support and encouragement during 1879.

The Young Quartette are preparing a Temperance Farce, entitled "The Man with the Demijohn." There is also to be music, select readings, declamations, short address by temperance men, &c., &c. Further notice will be given.

Lieutenant E. T. Brown of the regular army, is spending the holidays with his parents in this village.

S. H. Rawson has a large stock of tobacco and cigars which he is selling at bottom prices.

Hutchinson & Newell have put in a good stock of holiday goods.

The usual Christmas service will be held in the Baptist Church, Christmas eve.

Our sidewalks were all shoveled off, Sunday morning. Lucky the snow fell Saturday night.

Miss Martha G. Cole, eldest daughter of the late Judge Cole, died at her residence, Sunday afternoon, of consumption. Miss Cole has been a great sufferer for nearly two years.

F. L. Colburn, an employee in the Sled Factory, mangled his left hand on a moulding machine, last week. It was out a short time since he lost a finger on his right hand at the same factory.

ROXBURY, Dec. 18.—And now comes Pelton upon Oss in the way of rain storms. During the night of the 9th, we had about six inches of dry, heavy snow, followed the next day by a drizzling rain which increased in volume till about dark, when it came almost in sheets. From 4 to 9:30 p. m., Swift river rose some eight feet in narrow places where it was confined to its banks. The hardest of the rain was over at 1 o'clock the next morning. Roxbury Pond was about six inches lower than the '69 freshet, when it reached the highest mark within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Had the rain continued two or three hours longer, the damage to roads and land would have been large; as it was, we got off better than adjoining towns.

I wrote "A Mr." instead of "A. M." Swain in my last.

STOW, Dec. 16.—We have been favored with a delightful Fall, and the latter has done an unusual amount of farm work of all kinds; but very recently we have experienced two severe rain storms, causing very high water and doing much damage to highways and bridges. Cold river has not been so high since the great freshet of 1869 at this point, and then it was not but a very little higher, washing plowed fields very badly.

The lumbering interests are suffering very much for want of snow, and many teams are waiting for that long looked for article.

Nearly all our winter schools are in successful operation.

There have been upwards of thirty foxes captured in a radius of three or four miles during the autumn.

Mr. Edgar D. Andrews has a good supply of quartz specimens on hand which he is ever ready to furnish to customers at moderate prices.

There will be a Christmas tree at Chandler's Hall on Christmas eve.

Why throw away so much money trying worthless medicines, when for 35 cents a remedy can be procured that will cure coughs, colds, sore lungs and croup? Give it a trial. Adams' Balsam will do it.

Another Fat Person reduced 20 lbs. ROTALSTON, Mass., July 18th, 1878.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.: What will you send Allen's Anti-Fat per dozen for? There is no place within eight miles where we can buy it. My mother has taken five bottles and it reduced her weight 20 lbs.

J. M. PARTRIDGE.

REMEDY FOR HAIR DRESSING. Stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style. Buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every day, and especially stop the foolish habit of running after expensive and quick doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, and makes the proprietors rich, but put your trust in the great use of all simple, pure remedies, Hov's Bitters, which cures always at a trifling cost. Try it once, and you will see better times and good health. Try it once, read of it in another column.

MARRIED.

In Newton Upper Falls, Mass., Nov. 28, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. F. F. Furber, Fred. W. Gates and Miss Sophia L. Knapp, both of Newton.

In South Paris, 7th inst., at the residence of W. H. Richards, by Rev. F. C. Rogers, Frank C. Smith of Greenwood, and Miss Annie M. Richards of Paris.

In Bethel, Dec. 8, by Rev. B. Foster, Frank P. Tyler and Rosetta Heseltine, both of Albany.

NEW STORE!

A. M. GERRY'S,
ODD FELLOWS BLOCK,
SOUTH PARIS.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

I have just opened my New Store in Odd Fellows Block, South Paris, and take this opportunity to invite everybody to call and see the store, also my line of

HOLIDAY GOODS

and Standard Wares, for every-day consumption. I have now one of the best appointed Drug Stores in Oxford County and intend to build up the largest trade by fair dealing and

LOW PRICES.

At this time I will call your attention especially to my large and varied stock of

HOLIDAY GOODS.

I believe this stock cannot be beaten, for style, prices or variety. I cannot mention half the goods for sale, but will call your attention to a few of them.

BOOKS,

In every style. Standard Works in Literature, Poems, Gift Books, Sabbath-school Books, Story Books, school books, and every other kind of book you may wish.

My stock of

BIBLES

is something above the ordinary line. I have a new rubber binding, done in pure white, which can be cleaned with a damp cloth. Family Bibles in great variety. I sell all my books at 15 per cent. below Portland prices, and so defy competition from any source.

ALBUMS & DIARIES

In every style, and at prices ranging from 25c. to \$2.00. You never saw anything so elegant as the binding of some of these Albums.

Mark Twains Scrap Books

all sizes and prices. I have one of the largest stocks of

Toys and Games

ever brought into this County. Many of these are absolutely new, never having been put upon the market before this season.

Stereoscopes & Views

In endless variety, are offered as making most acceptable holiday gifts.

BOX PAPERS?

There I've got you. No living person ever saw a better variety of these goods. If you want a handsome box, I will give you one. All you need do is to purchase some writing paper, and I throw in the box. Music Halls, Wall Baskets, Slipper Cases, &c., given away in the same manner. Now, I wish to say that the paper put up in such boxes is not cheap stuff, but first class in every respect.

DOLLS

for the little girls and big girls. Wax Dolls, China Dolls, India Rubber Dolls, all kinds of Dolls, from such as we can almost give away, to the most elegant and expensive wax specimens.

Give It Up!

I shall have to give it up, right here, or I shall fill the whole DEMOCRAT. You just come in and see my Stock, as your eyes will take them in quicker than you can read of them, and they look prettier than type, also.

No charge for examining goods.

A. M. GERRY.

NEW DRUG STORE,
ODD FELLOWS BLOCK,
SOUTH PARIS.

—Another bogus, foreign grandee has been duping the moneyed men of Portland. He deceived them to the tune of nearly \$5,000, by forged drafts.

—The value of Senator Blaine's late speech is nowhere more loudly proclaimed than by the Democratic press of Maine. Their savage, ungentlemanly assaults, show he cut them to the quick. Such expressions are the highest praise a public man can receive.

—"Our George" has a very witty article in the last Bethel Journal. He discusses the fish story of Jonah. He proves beyond a doubt that the whale swallowed Jonah, and that Jonah's own exertions, aided by spears, landed him, high and dry upon the shore.

—The Maine Temperance Journal is making an heroic effort to secure a large list and to place itself on a permanent basis. It is a very readable paper—in its special department, and entirely worthy of the support it asks. Price \$2 per year, published by F. G. Rich, agent, Portland. It is the official Journal of Maine State Temperance Alliance. Agents are wanted as well as subscribers.

Weather Report.

Temperature last week at 7 A. M.
Sunday, 20° snow; Monday, 10° clear; Tues. day, 10° clear; Wednesday, 10° clear; Thurs. day, 15° clear; Friday, 11° clear; Saturday, 10° clear.

1878. DURING THE 1879.

HOLIDAYS

I WILL SELL

PIANOS

&
ORGANS

AT COST!

I have just received a new stock of beautiful ESTY ORGANS,

Also new styles of the Dulcet and Favorite Waters Organs.

HAZELTON'S PIANOS, BILLINGS UPRIGHT PIANOS,

which are perfect in tone and quality. Splendid Organs from \$60 to \$125. Pianos from \$250 to \$500. Stools, Covers and Music offered when wanted.

W. J. WHEELER,
No. 3 New Odd Fellows Block,
SOUTH PARIS.

State Temperance Convention.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the State of Maine will hold a Mass Temperance Convention, in

City Hall, Bangor, Jan. 2 and 3.

Opening at 10 o'clock a. m., Thursday, and closing Friday evening. Addresses will be given by prominent temperance workers of this State, and by Prof. GEORGE E. FOSTER, of the University of New Brunswick.

A most cordial invitation is extended by the temperance women of Bangor to their sisters engaged in this work throughout the State to assemble at the opening of the new year to discuss those vital questions pertaining to the interests of the cause. It is earnestly desired that all auxiliary unions and aid societies be fully represented at this meeting. Entertainment will be furnished in the hospitable homes of the city to women attending the convention. Free return tickets, if solicited, will be given at all the stations of the M. C. R. R. and the same reduction may be expected on the other roads.

Women of Maine let us gather in large numbers, thoughtfully to consider the necessities of the cause in which we labor, invoking the Divine blessing to crown our efforts with success.

MRS. L. M. STREY,
Miss C. C. HUNT, Cor. Sec.
Augusta, Dec. 15th, 1878.

A GOOD ACCOUNT.

"TO SUM IT UP, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit."

"JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."

Holiday Goods!

AT
WILSON'S DRUG STORE,
So. Paris.

HOLIDAY GOODS,

which you ever saw, and the prices, we tell you, are so low you will think he has made you a present instead of selling you goods.

TOYS,
GAMES,
ALBUMS,
CUTLERY.

STATIONERY,
BOOKS,
CONFECTIONERY,
MED. CINES, Etc., Etc.,

are in stock; but we have neither time, space nor ability to name half of the good things, so simply invite you to call and see them whether you intend to purchase or not.

d3-jt

THE EXAMINER AND CHRONICLE,

[ESTABLISHED IN 1821.]
AN EIGHT-PAGE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE LARGEST SIZE.

Outspeaking, Wide-Awake and Popular,

MANY THOUSANDS THE MOST WIDELY CIRCULATED

Baptist Newspaper in the World.

Besides giving special heed to the principles and progress of the denomination of which it is a part, the paper includes the whole field of Christian journalism. It is carefully edited and contains: LATE LEADING EVENTS—Vigorous editorials and Short News Notes, giving carefully prepared summaries of the week's news.

TOPICS FOR THE TIMES.—A series of articles equal in ability to the best of the best writers of the day, on the most important subjects of the day.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.—Reviews by eminent scholars and competent critics, with occasional notices of periodicals, notes and queries, a column of lively chat, and the facts of general interest and Science and Art.

THE BIBLE AND THE WORLD.—Editorials on subjects of denominational and general religious interest. Baptist "News and Notes," fresh and full news of our denomination that is given by any other paper. Our General Outlook, all the really important news about our denomination.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS' PAGE.—Original stories by writers whose names are regularly found on the pages of St. Nicholas and Wide Awake, and a PUZZLER REALM which is a favorite with all the young people.

HOUSE, FARM AND GARDEN.—An Agricultural department, unexcelled in any weekly religious paper in this country in the practical, farmers, stock-breeders, etc., of the first rank are regular contributors.

Besides these, there are EDUCATIONAL NOTES, MISSIONARY SKETCHES, Letters of travel, reviews of the Markets, etc., etc.

These, \$2.50 a year in advance, postage prepaid by the Publishers.

For sample copies and terms to canvassers address P. O. Box 385, New York City.

Holiday Goods!

Hawkes & Garland
WILL EXHIBIT ON
THURSDAY, DEC. 12th,

The largest and BEST variety, and the Cheapest and most attractive Stock of Holiday Goods ever shown on PARIS HILL, and invite everybody to come and see them whether they wish to purchase or not.

They have also received a large assortment of DRY and FANCY GOODS. Prints from 5 to 7 cents per yd.; French Cashmere, 15cts. PORTLAND PRICES!

December 10, 1878.

Value of Advertising.
We give the following letter as a certificate of the value of advertising in the Oxford Democrat:

Cheboctau, Mass.,
April 10, 1878.

Dear Sir:—I sent you an advertisement of farm to let, with instructions to insert four weeks. I have sent me more applications than I expected—some thirty odd, coming from all the towns in the County except five.

Please find enclosed amount of your bill for said advertising.

Respectfully yours,
WM. R. SWAN.

GRAND OPENING

Holiday Goods!

BY
JOHN PIERCE,
NEW ODD-FELLOWS' BLOCK,
South Paris.

My stock is but partially mentioned in the following list of goods, but it will serve as a "leader."

SILVER WARE.
CAKE BASKETS, BUTTER FISHES, CASTORS, SPOON-HOLDERS, SUGAR BOWLS, CREAMERS, STREPT-CUPS, CHILDREN'S CUPS, PIE-SLICES, NAPKIN-RINGS, PICKLE-JARS, ETC.

JEWELRY.
GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, NECK-CHAINS, SCALP-BANDS, GOLD AND PLATED STKS, ETC.

I have a very large stock of nice, new CLOCKS, elegant in design and finish. PATTER FANS, JAPANESE GOODS, POCKET CUTLERY, ETC.

I am also prepared to do all kinds of plain and fancy engraving, names, single letter or monograms.

These goods are all to be sold during the Holidays, and are going at prices. Call and see them and note the prices.

JOHN PIERCE.
South Paris, Dec. 4, 1878.

WE BUYERS of DRY GOODS


OF
OXFORD COUNTY,
L. C. MOORE & CO.
No. 5 Frye Block,
UNDER MUSIC HALL,
LEWISTON MAINE,
 Offers special bargains to the trade from **Oxford**
 County. They offer one of the largest and best
 selected stock of
DRY and FANCY GOODS
 ever offered in the City.
 They offer special bargains in
Farmer's Goods
 SUCH AS
WOOLENS,
 FOR
MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR,
 BLEA & BROWN
COTTONS, PRINTS,
WHITE GOODS &c., &c.
 Also a nice line of
DRY GOODS
 of every description, and at all prices, bought
 expressly for the Country trade.
HOUSE KEEPING
 goods of all kinds.
 Our stock is complete in every department, and
 at **HALF PRICE** give us a call.
 Remember the place.
L. C. MOORE & CO.,
No. 5 Frye Block, Under Music Hall
Lewiston, Maine.
What I Claim for
Pettengill's Improved Slide Hill Plow
upon Level Land.

First, large amount of work for size of plot.
Second, a superior pulverizer.
Third, self-adjusting clevis which gives a
draft if a wider furrow is needed.
Fourth, ease of draft for amount of work.
Fifth, self-acting arrangement whereby the
monilboard loads itself when reverse is
sought.
Sixth, steady motion of plot in every
one—To one, and are if these things are
sent for Circular.

Memphis of Agri. Implements
ris, July 26, 1877.

READ THE FOLLOWING.

Old White House, Salem, (Bait in 1631)
New England and Chittains.



**DR. NORMAN'S
FOOT BALM.**

**The Sure Cure for Corns, and Infallible
Remedy for Bunions, Sore and In-
flamed Joints and Chittains.**

A great many people say that it strange that
the public this kind of **Foot Balm**, expect
to be sold at so low a price, that it hardly
warrants so much advertising. The reason I do
is because I know from experience how much
suffering is caused by a corn or other disease of
the foot, and I think it my duty to make known to
suffering humanity as much as it is in my
power to do for true value of this **Foot Balm**, as
they may experience the relief that I did from
about two years ago. I had been suffering
that time for several months from a hard
corn which was so painful at times that I was in-
capable when Dr. Norman's **Foot Balm** was
sent to my place and I offered me the
to sell, but I took no stock in it, as I had no
heart belief in a salve that was so cheap.
I had perfect success for diseases of the feet only
influenced by the use of this **Foot Balm**.
guarantee of its worth; the first morning after
I was surprised to find that all the sore had
disappeared, and in a week's time the corn
came off itself. Finding with what success
worked in my case, I bought a quantity of
salve and offered it to my customers, who used
for all the diseases for which it is recommended
with like results. I finally bought the right
formula from Dr. Norman, and now offer it to
public generally at a price within the reach of
all, trusting that by using it they may
experience the great benefit that I did from
it.

Price, 25 Cents a Box.
DR. NORMAN'S FOOT BALM
is sold by all Druggists, or sent to any address
free of charge.

**GEO. FARRINGTON, Pharmacist,
310 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.**

Co., Portland; William E. Mann, Bangor.
-15-3m

PRICES LOW.

Holiday Stock

OF

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles and Fancy Goods.

The largest and best selected Stock of Goods in this City ever offered for sale in OXFORD COUNTY, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

S. Richards, J.

South Paris, Nov. 5, 1878

It having been widely advertised under the caption of

"America Ahead in Spool Cotton"

that the Jury on Cotton textiles, yarns, threads, at the Paris Exposition, decreed Gold Medal and Grand Prize to the Wamantic Linen Company for "Spool Cotton" especially adapted for use on Sewing Machines," over all the great thread manufacturers of the world, we owe it as a duty to the public and to Messrs. J. & P. Coats to announce that

No Grand Prizes were decreed Paris for Spool Cotton.

We are advised by cable of the following awards:

J. & P. COATS, GOLD MEDAL.
Wamantic Linen Co., Silver Medal.

and we claim for the winners of the Prize that, as they have established in this Island the largest Spool Cotton Mills in the United States, where their Spool Cotton is manufactured through every process from the raw cotton to the finished spool, AMERICA, as represented by Messrs. J. & P. Coats, is still AHEAD IN SPOOL COTTON.

Andrew S. March & Co.
Sole Agents in Boston for
J. & P. COATS

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